

## Resurrection

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## Resurrection

Title: Resurrection

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Rating: G

Category: POV, Angst, Other

Disclaimer: Obi-Wan does not belong to me. However, when it comes to the other person in this story...I am owned.

Archive: [fanfiction.net](http://fanfiction.net), [fanfix.com](http://fanfix.com), M\_A, SWAL, anywhere else please ask.

Summary: "...the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Feedback: Candid remarks, please, even if your candid remark is a flame. Be advised I'll just laugh at you though.

Warnings: I feel silly doing this, but this story contains Christian content. If you are violently opposed to the very existence of Christianity, you would do well to delete this.

Dedication: Dedicated to Steve Curnow, who was killed in the Columbine shootings and never got to see Star Wars Episode 1.

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Obi-Wan Kenobi lay facefirst in the tenous shade of a tall vertical rock, collapsed by heat, thirst and overwhelming despair. His fingers scrabbled aimlessly in the deep sand, encountering several blades of

grass pressed up against the rock, fighting desperately for survival.

Every place on his body, even in this shade, felt like it was on fire. He had no water, no food, nothing but his lightsaber, the clothes he wore and a few small things concealed in his cloak, treasures only his dead body would part with.

Breathing was difficult in this heat. The thought came into his mind that it might be cooler if he were wearing less, but he lacked even the energy to remove his cloak. The dry breeze baked every inch of uncovered skin, revealing no hint of cooler days ever to come to this dusty planet. Almost without thinking, he curled up against the rock like a child seeking a motherly embrace.

And just before he surrendered to complete exhaustion, he thought to himself, "At least Luke and Leia are safe." A deep wave of sorrow rushed through his body as he remembered why and how he'd had to save them, and he whispered through broken parched lips, "Qui-Gon, I've failed you, I've failed you." Then peaceful oblivion swept over him like a tidal wave. He followed it gladly, falling into sleep.

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He awoke, or so it seemed, on a patch of dew-wet green grass, head pillowed on his arm. He was cool, deliciously so, for the first time in what felt like years. Lifting his head, Obi-Wan glanced about, a bit mystified. Surely this was not the strange land of death? It did not look so.

What he saw was a dim, just-before-sunrise, foggy garden. The first streaks of light were just appearing in the sky, stars still lingering faintly.

He got to his knees, wondering. What was this place, how had he come here, and why was he here anyway?

About thirty feet away a large boulder pressed tightly into the opening of a cave in the rockface beyond. Two or three men stood in front of it, straight as if they were soldiers who could not be found remiss in their duty.

They did not speak to each other, or seem to notice him, just stood clasping spears in their hands, impassive.

Obi-Wan felt it just before it happened, a tremor of silverness on the edge of mortal sight, perceptible to keen eyes.

And then unseen hands oh-so-casually rolled away the boulder from the mouth of the cave. The soldiers turned, gaping at the very idea of a stone that large moving \*uphill\*, and ran for their lives, spears crashing to the ground with a thunderous noise.

Obi-Wan watched them disappear into the night, far too fascinated, and too acquainted with things like rocks moving, to run himself. He was left alone, unnoticed, still kneeling, staring at the cave, wondering just what was in there.

He was expecting draigons and fire, or something along those lines,

something out of a cheap holovid. So what actually appeared startled him more than anything had yet.

A man about his own age, simply clad in a white robe, dark-eyed with longish dark curly hair walked out of the cave and looked around.

Their eyes met. And the man looked at him like a true king does his subject, oceans of love filling his eyes.

Obi-Wan remained kneeling on the ground, the sweet languor of peace flooding his body and heart, and closed his eyes for a moment.

The touch of a hand on his head startled him briefly--how had the man managed to move from one side of the garden to the other so quickly?

He opened his eyes and looked up again. The man's hand was resting on his head like it had a perfect right to lie there. The man spoke only eight words to him: "There is no death. There is only resurrection."

Obi-Wan took a soft breath, seeing for the first time an open wound on the man's wrist. An open wound that, wonderfully, did not bleed, nor seem to cause any pain, but was just \*there\*.

And before anything else could be said or thought, the stones of the footpath which led to the garden rattled...someone was coming....

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Obi-Wan woke up underneath a starry Tatooine sky and a tall stone pillar, as refreshed as if he'd spent the last days in a king's palace.

He lay there for a few moments, pondering quietly, then stood, and continued his search for a new home and shelter, this time with hope.

End  
file.